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Ralph Ringwood.

A True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

(Continued from Nov. 29.)

While here, I purchased a rifle, and practised daily at a mark, to prepare myself for a hunter's life. When sufficiently recruited in strength I resumed my journey.

At Wheeling I embarked in a flat-bottomed family boat, technically called a broad-horn, a prime river conveyance in those days. In this ark for two weeks I floated down the Ohio. The river was as yet in all its wild beauty. Its loftiest trees had not been thinned out. The forest overhung the water's edge, and was occasionally skirted by immense canebreaks. Wild animals of all kinds abounded.

In this way we glided past Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West," as she is now called, then a mere group of log-cabins; and the site of the hustling city of Louisville, then designated by a solitary house. As I said before, the Ohio was as yet a wild river; all was forest, forest, forest! Near the confluence of Green River with the Ohio I landed, bade adieu to the broad-horn, and struck for the interior of Kentucky. I had no precise plan; my only idea was to make for one of the wildest parts of the country. I had relatives in Lexington and other settled places, whom I thought it probable my father would write to concerning me; so, as I was full of manhood and independence, and resolutely bent on making my way in the world without assistance or control, I resolved to keep clear of them all.

In the course of my first day's trudge I shot a wild turkey, and slung it on my back for provisions.

At length I came to where a gang of half-starved wolves were feasting on the carcass of a deer which they had run down, and snarling and snapping, and fighting like so many dogs. One, larger and fiercer than the rest, seemed to claim the larger share, and to keep the others in awe. "This," thought I, "must be the captain; if I can kill him, I shall defeat the whole army." I accordingly took aim, fired, and down dropped the old fellow; all the rest ran off, and my victory was complete.

This was my first camping out in the real wilderness, and I was soon made sensible of the loneliness and wildness of my situation.

In a little while a concert of wolves commenced; there might have been a dozen or two, but it seemed to me as if there were thousands. I never heard such howling and whining. Having prepared my turkey, I divided into two parts, thrust two sticks into one of the halves, and planted them on end before the fire,—the hunter's mode of roasting. The smell of roast meet quickened the appetites of the wolves, and their concert became truly infernal. They seemed to be all around me, but I could only now and then get a glimpse of one of them, as he came within the glare of the light.

I did not much care for the wolves, who I knew to be a cowardly race, but I had heard terrible stories of panthers, and began to fear their stealthy prowlings in the surrounding darkness. I was thirsty and heard a brook bubbling and tinkling along at no great distance, but absolutely dared not go there, lest some panther might lie in wait and spring upon me. By and by a deer whistled. I had never heard one before, and thought it must be a panther. I was so possessed with the dread of panthers, that I could not close my eyes all night, but lay watching the trees until daybreak, when all my fears were dispelled with the darkness.

Having breakfasted on the remainder of my turkey and slacked my thirst at the bubbling stream, without further dread of panthers, I resumed my wayfaring with buoyant feelings. I saw deer, but, as usual, running, running, running!. I tried in vain to get a shot at them, and began to fear I never should. I was gazing with vexation at the scampering herd when I was startled by a human voice. Turning round, I saw a man at a short distance from me in a hunting-dress.

"What are you after, my lad?" cried he.

"Those deer," replied I, pettishly; "but it seems as if they never stand still."

Upon this he burst out laughing. "Where are you from?" said he.

"From Richmond."

"What! In old Virginia?"

"The same."

"How on earth did you get here?"

(To be continued.)

The Counties.

Madison County.

Dreyfus.

The school at this place was out Thursday.

Miss Dora Benge was the guest of Miss Julia Riddell, last week.

Sunday-school at the Christian Church every Sunday evening at 2:30.

Mrs. Frank Hays, of Berea, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Hudson, this week.

Mrs. Eva Riddell was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mary Riddell, last week.

Miss Dora Bratcher, who has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Miss Martha Sandlin pleasantly entertained Mr. Raleigh Harris, of White's Station, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ada Hurd has returned to her home after a week's stay with her sister, Mrs. James Harris, of Irvine.

Rev. James Young preached interesting sermons to large congregations Thanksgiving day, both morning and night.

Miss Anna Ogg has returned home after her delightful visit with friends at Speedwell, where she attended meeting at the Baptist Church.

Miss Martha Sandlin will entertain a few of her young friends at her beautiful home Saturday night. Music will be the order of the evening.

Miss Maud Daniels, who was to be the guest of her cousin, Miss Mattie Young, did not arrive on account of the sudden illness of her little brother.

Rev. Tipton, of Estill Co., is conducting a few days' meeting at the Christian Church. Rev. Parsons will also begin a protracted meeting at the Baptist Church Saturday night.

Clay County.

Ogle.

Miss Helen Brigman's school is out to-day.

Ivan Davidson, Jr., has a very sick child.

Mrs. Jenny Smith visited relatives here Sunday.

Wm. Means is building a new house.

Wm. Swafford is engaged in clearing up land.

Alex Smith has moved where Lawson lived.

Benjamin Jackson has a job of hauling staves to Flat Lick.

A Mr. Dyer passed through here selling spectacles last week.

Stoke Lawson has built a house and is living on Ivan Davidson's land,

Marshall Davidson moved into the house with Ivan Davidson last week.

Thomas Holcomb went to Barboursville Wednesday after a new lot of goods.

T. J., and J. H. Frederick have returned from North Jellico, where they have been at work.

Richard Smith was severely hurt while attempting to shoot a crow. His gun, being too heavily charged, exploded.

Bright Shade.

Mrs. M. Smith visited relatives on Otter Creek during the week.

M. H. Frederick completed his school here, Wednesday.

Noah Valentine passed here on his way to Bear Creek.

Jas. Smith, of Spring Creek, is visiting Bright Shade.

Oliver Wagers has nearly completed his logging job. He has put in about seven hundred logs.

Woodson Swafford, of Ogle, and a daughter of Harris Smith are expected to get married soon.

SCRIPTOR SILVAE.

Jackson County.

Evergreen.

Miss Hettie Lakes' school is out.

Mr. James Walker is talking of moving permanently to Louisville.

There are several pupils in this vicinity preparing for school at Berea.

Mr. John Amyx is talking about selling his farm and going to Madison Co.

Mr. Geo. C. Moore, who is teaching Pine Grove school, has five weeks yet to teach. We regret our school is so soon to close.

We have a protracted meeting in this vicinity, led by Mr. M. K. Pasco and wife, of Berea, also Rev. Mason Jones, of Combs, Ky. We are having a large attendance.

Clover Bottom.

Franklin Engle of McKee has been visiting relatives here.

Principal Marsh was calling in this neighborhood week before last.

R. Parsons passed through here on his way home from Drip Rock.

Dr Daugherty returned from Louisville, but is unable to take care of his patients, owing to his own illness.

Miss Talitha Gay's school closed Dec. 1st with an exhibition largely attended by the people from adjoining districts.

Miss Ollie Hatfield is expected home this week from Tenn. where she has been for nearly eighteen months for the benefit of her health. Her friends will be glad to know she is stronger than when she left.

Leslie County.

Hyden.

W. W. Baxter, Sunday school missionary, was with us last week.

Born to the wife of John Maucy, Nov. 22, a fine girl.

H. H. Baily and family are moving to Laurel County. We regret to lose them.

Eversole & Co's new brick store will be ready for occupancy with the new year.

Dr. Birchell, of Manchester, has been in Hyden examining applicants for life insurance. Several have insured.

Several of the District schools are out and the teachers are preparing to spend the winter in some one of the higher institutions of learning.

Only one person was convicted and sentenced to the state prison at this term of court. The next court will be held in the new court house.

Miss Mary Doah Bradshaw, the new music teacher of the academy, makes a good impression and will prove a useful member of the faculty.

Thanksgiving Services at the Presbyterian Church were very interesting, and a large audience was present. Jude Brown made a splendid address.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE E. PUTNAM, eacher in Berea College.

Boys Who Succeed.

Thirty years ago Mr. H——, a nursery man in New York state, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H—— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examining the trees and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with $200 or $300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard but is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years and with his wages bought land at 40 cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was truth. The quick wide-a-wake energy which acts as leaven in a character is pertly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*Springfield Republican.*

Who of Us Know.

Who of us know
The heartaches of the men we meet
Each day in passing on the busy street,
The woes and cares that press them,
Forebodings that distress them—
Who of us know?

Who of us think
Of how hot tears have chased the smiling cheek
Of some we meet who would not dare to speak
The pangs they feel, the burdens that they bear,
Each hour that passes through the solemn year—
Who of us think?

Who of us care
To try to think and know their pain and grief,
And help to bring to breaking hearts relief,
To help to bear the burdens of their care
By tender word and loving look and prayer—
Who of us care?

—*S. C. Allen, in Baltimore Methodist.*

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

"Thanksgiving day" has come and gone, but no one will ever be thankful upon that day unless he cultivates a habit of thanksgiving from hour to hour. Early next spring must the turkey for next Thanksgiving be hatched, and even now it is not too soon to begin to prepare our hearts and lives for the spiritual part of the feast.

You have all heard of the old lady who made it her regular, daily habit to "count up her mercies". It is a very good plan and would save us from a great deal of the anxiety and worry of our lives if we would more often count up the blessings that make us happy every day.

I would suggest that we each spend a half hour in writing out a list of the blessings that are ours. I do not know any better way to win new blessings than to appreciate those that we have.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and the one whose face beams with cheerful thankfulness is the one to whom new gifts of friends and opportunities and success are most likely to come.

I want to name one of the many things that I am thankful for, that we can, if we will, make ourselves into useful, successful men and women.

Of course I am talking to you boys and girls; the old folks are supposed to be off by themselves criticising the world and its neighbors! I have heard people excuse themselves for not doing something that they ought to do by saying: "Well I don't care, I never can do anything right, I am not going to try." And others grumble about not having friends, "I don't see why everybody likes *him*! He has more friends in this town than I have in the whole world." And some again excuse slovenly dress and awkward manners with "I just wasn't raised that way," meaning to be polite and neat.

Now if life is going to mean anything to us we must ask and answer honestly a few questions. "Do I *deserve* success?" Have I any qualities that can gain real friends?" "Do I do my best at little things, that I may be ready for the larger if they come?" "Do I whine and find fault so that nobody likes to have me around?" "Do I keep myself so clean in heart and life that God can trust me with such gifts as health and friends and success?"

I think we ought to do as the merchants do—take account of our stock in trade every once in a while and see what new goods we ought to get in! Character making and keeping cannot be less important than store keeping, but most of us seem to think it will take care of itself.

Suppose that this year we plan to have more things to be thankful for by the time 1900 draws to a close. And it wouldn't be a bad thing to aim at giving some other folks greater cause for thankfulness!

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you."

This is one stanza of a little poem by Susan Coolidge that I like very much. And here is one from Lowell that is describing the noble woman, and the spirit of it is just as good for the boys.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise,
For naught which sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The letter which our friend has sent us this week contains some advice on the subject of farming, so we insert it under this heading.

A Letter from Sile.

DEAR CITIZEN: I heard a man say once that if our *foresight* was as good as our *hind-sight*, we'd get on a heap better in this 'ere world, an' when I think about Pal Williams it makes me think it's so. It's just the other way with a pig though. It sees the way into your corn field every time, but you can run your legs off after it, an' it can't see the way to get out!

But speakin' o' this 'ere Williams, he ain't got no foresight at all, seems like. He killed a hen 'tother day what had only laid two eggs on her litter. He never thought about her layin' a dozen eggs the next three weeks, an' still a bein' fat an' good to eat.

But I want to tell ye 'bout his timber land. Most of his land is down on Blue Jay, but he has one piece 'o knob land up here above me. His uncle give it to him nine years ago after he'd cut it off for tan bark, an' now there ain't nothin' on it but a lot o' saplings an' some trees the size o' round wood.

An' now what does Pal do but cut off all them little fellers, 'cause he got a chance to sell some wood!

"Pal," says I when he come by 'tother day with a load, "how much do ye get a cord for that ar?"

"Dollar'n a quarter," says he.

"An' how many cords do ye 'low you can cut up there?"

"Oh, 'bout a hundred, wood the size o' this 'ere."

"A hundred an' twenty-five dollars," says I. "Good for you, Pal. But then," says I, "how long will it take ye to cut an' haul it all down yonder?"

"Oh," says he, "I ain't aimin' to cut it all *this* year."

"Why not?" says I.

"Can't find nobody to buy it,' says he.

"But if ye could, you'd sell it, would ye?"

"You bet," says he.

"Well then, as I ast ye before, how long 'ud it take you to put it in market? Ninety days, d' ye reckon?"

"Oh, maybe so," says he; "can't tell precise."

"Well," says I, "Pal Williams, let's you an' me do some reckonin.' I know you're good at arithmetic. If you was to leave them little trees alone an' just do odd jobs with yer team, here an' down at the settlement, how much could ye make in a month—$50?"

"No, I don't guess I could," says he.

"Well, will $35 suit ye?"

"Call it that," says he.

"Well then," says I, "three months is $105 dollars, an' 105 from 125 leaves 20. All that them trees is really worth if ye cut 'em now is $20, or less for ought I know. But we'll call it 20. Now let's you an' me take a look ahead. You're a young man,—about twenty-five, now, ain't ye?—and ye come from a long-lived family. Don't want to die before you're seventy-five, do ye?"

"Not if I can help it," says he.

"That's fifty year ahead," says I "Now what'll your $20 be worth ye by that time?"

"I don't understand ye, Sile," says he.

"I mean, a dollar to-day is worth a dollar an' 6cts. next year, accordin' to simple interest, an' about $4 fifty years from now at the same rate. But we'll compound the interest an' guess it off at $10. Now tell me, Pal," says I, "if $1 swells up into $10, what will your $20 be worth ye by the time you make your will?"

"$200," says he.

"All right," says I. "You're richer than you *think* you are, but a heap poorer than you *ought* to be. If you'd let that land alone for fifty years there'd be a *thousand cords* of fine timber on it. You know that, Pal. An' *I* know, even if you don't, that timber's gettin' scarcer every year an' it won't always sell so dirt cheap as it does now. Them thousand cords will fetch ye at the least reckonin' $1 a cord right there on the knob, without your swingin' an axe for it, an' you're just fixin' to be $800 poorer by what you're doin' this fall. Keep to work," says I, "but better work at su'thin else."

"Now you looky here, Sile Shingles," says he. "You're smart at figgerin', an' can twist me all up. Maybe it's like you say, an' maybe it ain't. But what if it is? A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, an' I ain't pesterin' my head about my old age, not yet I ain't."

"Well," says I, "some people are that way, I know. I know a feller what 'ud rather drink whiskey ten minutes now than go to heaven a thousand years by and by, I do believe. But you ain't that, kind. You're a church member, Pal, an' do a heap o' thinkin' about your future, spiritually considered, which is the best thing a man can do. But it wouldn't hurt ye much, *I* think, to study a little more about your future, temporally considered. It's about the same thing," says I, "only a heap smaller."

But Pal is still a cuttin' them little small baby trees.

Yours truthfully,
SILAS SHINGLES.